Diary
2nd Draft

Saturday
Dec. 28th

It's all very well to write that date in a nice clear hand, because it begins this new book, but I cannot disguise the fact that I'm almost extinct: like a charwoman's duster; that is my brain: what with the last version of the last pages of the year. And is it the last version? And why should I head the dance of day with this tepid letter spin? But in fact I must stretch my cramped muscles: it only has just gone eleven on a damp grey morning, & I want a quiet occupation for an hour. That reminds me — I must devise some let down for myself that won't be too sudden when the end is reached. An article on Gray I think. But how the whole picture will take different proportions, now I've relaxed this effort. Shall I ever write a long book again — a long novel that has to be held in the brain, at full stretch — for close on 3 years! Nor do I even attempt to ask if it's worth while. There are moments & moments & I can't even obey out Roger. Soldie expected depress me unspeakably. Always alone on a mountain top asking humbly how to live, theorising about life: never living. Roger always down in the succulent valley. living. But what a thin whistle of hot air Soldie lets out through his front teeth. always live in the whole, like in the air: always Shelley & Goethe. & then he loves his hot water bottle. I never notice a tree, or a cat or a dog or a flower, except in the glow of the universal. This explains why his high minded books are unreadable. Yet he was so charming, unbearmetkably.

NYPL

Sunday Dec. 29th

I have in fact just put the last words to the years rolling, rolling, though it only Sunday, & I allowed myself till Wednesday. And I am not in such a twitter as usual. But then I meant it to end calmly — a prose work. And wot good? That I cannot possibly tell. Does it hang together? Does one part support another? Can I tell myself that it composes: & is a whole? Well there still remains a great deal to do. I must still condense, & point: give pace, then effect, & perhaps, & then run on. It runs in this version to 797 pages: say 200 each (but that's liberal) it comes to roughly ~~150~~ 157,000 — shall we say 140,000 Yes. it need sharpening, some bold cuts, & emphases. That will take me another — I dont know how long. And I must, not consciously wean my mind from it finally & prepare another creative mood, & shall sink into a state despair. How odd — that this will all fade away, & something else take its place. And by this time next year, I shall be sitting here, with a vast bundle of press cuttings — no: not on the desk. Hope: but in my mind there will be the usual chorus of what people have said about this mass of scribbled type writing. & I shall be saying, That was an attempt at that: & now I must do something different. Still all the old, or new, problems will be in pose again. Anyhow the main feeling about this book is vitality, gratefulness, energy. Never did I enjoy writing a book more. Which: only with the whole mind in action. not so intensely as the waves

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30 Dec:

And today, no stars yo- I can't write a word; too much headache. Can only look back at the year as an inaccessible Rocky Island which I can't explore, can't even think of. At Charleston yesterday. The great fellow talks with very few places. Rodney Roger I become haunted by him- what an odd posthumous friendship— in some way more intimate than any I had in life. The things I feared are now revealed: & the actual voice gone. Clive Quentin. Nessa Duncan. A letter boasting. Some laughter over Mrs Gardner. Politics— but carefully subdued.

I had an idea— I wish they'd sleep— which dressing— how to make my way back— to pretend to ask the article. Either that or one to write during the next few days— a All work of subjects Mrs Woman make. Short Work- Wa- -ce Then we give me the right to wander: also put me in the position of the one asked. And & I can the method: while giving Controversy. And there might be a palace Tapestries. to give the right tone. Thank that got it. a wild west & night— Hard out: rain and I go to bed: days baking- wind balleroy. Now I shall think in doors, Thank read some remote book.

NYPL

Jan 3rd.

1936

I began the year with a furiously submerged day, headache, head bursting, head to feet, racing with cleansing rain pouring; the floods out; when we stumbled out yesterday the mud came over my great rubber boots; the water squelched in my socks; so this Christmas has been, as far as country is concerned, a failure, a mockery of what London can do to chase away cares. I'm glad to be back, have, rather foolishly, begged not to stay here another week. Today is a yellow fog foggy day; so that I can only see the lamp, a wet gleam, but no Cabman. I am content though because I think that I have recovered enough balance in the head to begin the year. I mean the final version on Monday. This suddenly becomes a little urgent, because for the first time for some years I have not made enough to pay my share of the house; I have to find £70 out of my hoard. This is now reduced to £700. I must fill it up. Amazing, in its way, to think of economy severely; but it would be a strain to think ahead; to make money by journalism: a worse - a brutal intemperance. The next book I think of calling Answers to Correspondents. ... But I must not start to make up. No. I must find a pattern - great method of soothing that excitable nerve to sleep until the years is on the table - finished: In February? Oh the relief - as a rat - what can I say - long excrescence - bag of muscle - were cut out of my brain - set it beside the other. I can no longer wait for papers. I must write for my own book. I mean I at once adapt a queer light on my psychology what I'm going to say. I think of a newspaper

Saturday
Jan 4th

The weather has improved, & we have decided to
stay till Wednesday. Work now of course resu-
But I will make some good resolutions: to
read a few weekly papers, which are apt to
prick me into recollection of myself, as possible,
until this year is over: to look up my brain
with remote books & habits: not to think of
Cambridge & C.ts. & altogether to be as
fundamental & as little superficial, & possible.
physical, as little apprehensive, as possible.
And now to do Roger: & then to relax.
For, to tell the truth, my head is still all
nerves: & one false move means racing
durham. & altaben, & all the rest of that
families misery: that long scale of
unhappiness. So I have ordered a Scotch
& we shall go for a drive. It is happier:
will now do his hair.

Sunday
Jan 5th

I have had another morning at the old plagues.
I take what I have said the thing I meant,
& any further work will only muddle. Further
work must be merely to tidy & smooth out.
This seem likely because I'm so calm. I feel
well, that done. I want to be off on
something else. whether good or bad,
I dont know. And my head is quiet, today
soothed by reading The Trumpet Major last
night. & a drive to the Woods. The
clouds were an extraordinary frolical
brick wrong colour: an impure purple;
& the lake reflected it. & there were
droves of plover. black, white; & all
very linear in line & pure & noble in
colour. How I slept! Grey again today:
but I shall not go to tea with Clive &
Raymond. No news of Morgan. I cd. hardly
listen to the news for fear they wd. beg
we regret ...

Monday 7th Jan.

I have again copied out the last pages, & I think for the spacing better. Many details & some fundamentals remain. The storm scene for example. & I suspect a good many misplaced passages remain. But I perceive my theme that is started; & I need only use my craft not my creation. A pouring day - a day so wet that I had to come in a mackintosh. & to share him I drank my coffee in the dining room by candle light. No news of Morgan D. Isby. Joe's faithless. All the angles & the twigs have white drops on them. That's Hardy's gift & the way minute obstinately individual observations. But has his reputation ever mounted? Ever decreased? The Natives. Tedium. A complete absence of felt life. T. Hope. I can't say - I would like to discover. I think he had genius - no talent. And the English love genius. I'm English myself to feel my own pent as a peasant expand his role - Tom, the American. Can't feel nothing I suppose. I think of the King sentences from great writers & expand them - that then I'm always feathering round for some way of liberating my critical apprehensions which don't fit the strait jacket of the regular Times leader any longer. Esp. this vain decoding my fault in wishing to be such. And I've had one or two sublime great evenings - Evening & immensity, use that word in its highest sense.

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London.

10th Jan. Friday

Back again. A great fall all yesterday & a dusk over everything & rain, so that the comfort I had expected was diminished. Rejo to tea; I want to dine next week. All the same I will keep my hands on the reins. Fr. to tell the truth. This rij work is going to be a most perilous enterprise. How & when to finish, & get typed, & correct by the end of Feb? To show my state, I mistook 11 for 12 on my watch this morning; so shut up my book, stopped work with much relief that, when I discovered the mistake, I couldn't bring myself to do the extra hour. Did Roger instead. How then am I going to finish? My head is so spongy. What I plan is to finish the long last lap for typing say by Monday or Tuesday: send it to Mabel, & then begin at the chapter I stopped at, & go straight, again, & so keep the whole reading till I've got it all retyped. But can I do this in the time? I'm going to make my day as carefully as I can, resting after lunch. Reading only with the skin of the eye. But it is the chronic problem of people that is the pre Crux (what a word) Hores Sadie asks me to Cambridge: & did Ethel ask the aforesaid: & the nurse letter. The C. U. Lit Let it. Rec, Dadie rejo. & asks me to lecture. Contradict: Leg Katy is blind red hot devoted patriotic: has thrown her wedding ring into the Cauldron too. Anticipates a long war. & then the peace they'd have had a month ago. They are more set than on the great war. 2 months days a week

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Saturday 11th Jan.

This book is now becoming the ardent hope & my thumb work: I peck & stop: peck & stop again. Thank Even of Cambridge this afternoon. It better than trying to work straight ahead. This is one of my pauses. Twelve o'clock - a very fine day. Asked to return to the Cambridge English Club. Shall I say anything of what I think of these meetings? I suppose not - not yet. Ann popped in suddenly after lunch: bare legs, rocks, tousled hair: wanted to borrow the second vol. of War & Peace for Judith who had her tonsils out. Something like a rugger blue, in a knitted jersey, very tall, & vigorous. She says she has many friends in the college - young men - but we shouldn't know them. Then I read Rogerons, Wild Wales, into which Nan plunge head foremost: then L. went to see Morgan, found him with the usual Bugger Crew: I to tea with Nessa: & Duncan came in, & we discussed the bugger crew; which Duncan dislikes when its self conscious, as at Raymonds. & I always liken to the male urinal. Then L. came - (Sue re) leave out the quality of the talk... Nessa very sympathetic. Has declined Jerusalem: the N.S. its had been hard upon up to date reviews: D. had been dining with Colefax to meet Max. He becomes social - is so naturally, even though he goes on the wrong day & imagines J. having tea - Read Luther alone. home. & dine alone. & sleep over Mr Clarkson's memoirs. He had a sexual kink, a passion for Jesh - van Lora Bemberts, & rounds: - & suppose - but details are lacking. made £40,000 wages for one show.

13th Jan. Monday

The precious days are ticking one. About 30 now left me. How much to do! But my new method is working. Work: each hour mapped out, & kept to. So far. Ann & Cr Strachey to dine last night. Christopher a charming babbling humane boy, with a great deal of Oliver — in the voice chiefly — some of the Costello coarseness, & features: but far more dark, & vitality than a pure blooded Strachey. Laughter. Talk. & Come, & Jumbo & Ray: Ray & Jumbo jelling naked & weak swimming. Get, Morph hot Thought of Ri naked men make me squeam, She has humanized her son. He eats 4 eggs, on equal terms, as he says, with her, for Sunday supper. And he was ashamed that in Jumbo's new house, ordered from a catalogue. There is only a little box room for the servant. How very unlike Lytton! But he says that Oliver is also humane. Ann in her red: an engagingly frill; but silent, brooding, with Spencom. Chiefly medical & political. The tells the daily worker (3 copies) then breaks in on Cr. who is playing Bach on the piano, & demands eggs & biscuits for lunch at 3.30. News, Clive, Dunlan came in; but we drew the young on to chatter about B.B. I walked somewhere in the Sunday streets & I went to Mrs W. & met Babs he. with the Alsatian, whom had to be returned. She had just bought it in Rug Row. If that the name of the dog selling sheet in Whitechapel. Fog — relegated dog this morning.

Thursday
Jan. 16th

Seldom have I been more completely miserable than I was about 6.30 last night, reading over the last part of the Years. Such feeble twaddle - such twilight gossip seemed: such a show up of my own decadence, at such huge length. Could only plunge it down in the table & rush upstairs with burning cheeks to Lily. She said this always happens. But I felt no it has never been so bad as this. I make no note should I be in the same state after another book. Now this morning, dipping in, it seems to me, on the contrary, a fresh, bustling live book. I looked at the early page. I think there's something to it. But I must now force myself to begin regular sending to Mabel. 100 pages so to-day I mean.

Yes Days to dine alone. At first I thought this was going to be a wash out. But, chiefly owing to Lily's Charm, & making myself a little drunk, we all chattered, more intimately than we should have done had John been there or William or Harold, & we both liked her. And she is to Come again: a Jewish woman. Think, honest, intelligent, - to my pleasure, with friends: also busy a doctor, I like her. And Paradise Flight Night the Gay word. A long green feather in her hat suggest the image

Sunday 19th Jan.

I often think, forced by a sense of what is expected by the public, to remark that Kipling died yesterday; & that the King [George 5th] is probably dying today. The death of Kipling has struck all the old war horses & the pens pawing round their stalls: & the papers have to eke out 5 or 6 columns with the very bare bulletin — Condition causes anxiety — which they supplement with biographies of doctors, & of nurses, pictures of Sandringham, remarks of old villagers, gossip about the Ulster Rebellion in their Cheny coloured coats, a snow man, &c: But the last remains that all the princes have gathered together. I suppose at any moment the Duke may come in, just as we get finished dinner, & say, King Edward 8th when which — but I need hardly invent that scene having already so many on my hands. Privately. I rang up Nena at 6 yesterday, was alarmed by the agitated, breathless way in which she said Not now. I'll ring later. This left me to imagine any number of Catastrophes, but find this morning that I interrupted the crisis of that London group meeting, which went entirely against Nena. Duncan in a cabal; they dismissed the President, & elected Sickert. And now at the same time that the King dies, Nena & Duncan think of resigning, starting a new group. This bright snowy weather: the snow half melts half freezes; & I had along, & Judith dined here, & we talked to James: Alix walked by the Serpentine — must now lunch.

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I went up to an elderly stout woman reading the paper at the Times book Club the other day. It was Margery Strachey. What are you doing? I said.
Nothing! she replied. "I've got nowhere to go & nothing to do."
And I left her, sitting reading the Times.

Monday. 20th Jan.

This story repeated to Duncan last night. He also had met Margery at the Times. She had flung her arms round him & kissed him. Another side of Margery's story. They were badly beaten. Nessa, Duncan; but both elected to the Club all the same. They had not arranged any speaker on that occasion, & neither of them spoke. Nor did either of the others. They had actually walked out & Clive, as result as they say was a long gone conclusion. And the King is not dead, but the same. It is a very fine bright day; I think I must force myself to go to Lewes; I get a den made; a — a — we are dining with Celia Ritchie. Sibyl is only too ready to come.

Tuesday 21st Jan.

The King died last night. We were dining with Celia Ritchie, & drove back past Buckingham Palace. It was a clear dry night, rather windy, rather cold. As we turned the corner, came by the Palace we saw Can drawn up all along the Mall. There were then lights. On the whole movement people were standing: only every body seemed to be many: There was a dense cluster, like a swarm of bees, round the railings. Some people were plastered against the railing, holding on to the bars. There was a discreet frame, like a fete, holding a bulletin. We had

Drove on past the Monument before the ~~toto~~ policeman, who
spoke with weary of politeness, would let us stop. Then
we got out & walked back, crossing with difficulty
because cars were passing all the time, & tried to
shove our way through the crowd. But it was impossible.
So I asked a policeman "What is the latest bulletin?"
And he said it has not been issued. So I said
But what is the latest news. I haven't heard (this we
had only seen through dimness on the placards as we
drove on) to which he replied "His majesty's
life is drawing to a peaceful close" This he said
without conviction, as if he were reading words
put into his mouth, but with a certain officious
tolerance. There was some agitation &
excitement; many foreigners talking German: ~~very~~ a
large proportion of distinguished working men. in
semi evening dress: everyone indeed looked rather
tall, but by no means tragic: yet not gay:
rather suppressing their excitement: a ~~very~~ it was all
very brightly lit. As we turned away, a torch
firework — a silver gilt sputtering fizzing like an
began bubbling up. Like a signal, like a photographers
failure, but it was presumably the crowd clicking on
to you. ~~everyone was seen~~ the road became chalky white for a few seconds:
& then we got into the car & drove home. But save for
the occasional placard — it was now "The
King is Dying" — there was nothing out of the
way. The streets were very empty. What I took for guns booming was only
the banging of the loose door in the mews.
But at 3 this morning. I was woken by
paper boys shouting in the street. The
King had in fact died at 12.5.
He was dead when we were outside the palace
There were one or two narrow lights in the basement.
upper top windows, otherwise all the white curtains were
drawn.

Tuesday 21st

Most of the men in Southampton Row wear black ties & wh. are brand new, or dark blue ties which are the nearest they can get. In the Stationers the woman spoke with a subdued kindness as if we were both mourning a great uncle we had never seen. The woman in Devonshire said the Thing that hurt was absurd ally to talk plain Cabels to the Thousand. A very fine cold day.

Dear Theresa

Wednesday 22nd

The people of America are mourning, as after their own King; & the ~~people~~ Japanese are in tears.

Just goes on. But as a matter of fact the Premier Minister — we are ally allowed official announcements on the B.B.C — & often can even hear the ticking of a vast clock — is very rather fitting; almost nice, & very well conducted. He gave one the impression — that he was a tired country gentleman: the King another: both enjoyed Christmas at home: & the Queen is very lonely: one felt the other taken as matters to a married couple: & the King had seemed to have fired calely. but very kind, & quiet & ready for — long journey; & had worked once or twice, in the last day, & had said something kind ("King" was the adjective always) & had said to his Secretary "How is the Empire?" — an odd expression. The Empire, Sir, is — well:" whereupon he left the Empire, Sir, & came, he ended with always. And then & came, he ended with

God save the King.

The shops are all black. "We always carry a large stock" "the woman at Lewes" said. But there'll be nothing doing for this week at all. There'll be no work for us... Mourning — to last the London season. At Ascot.

Black

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I have done something so incredibly idiotic - left my last chapter at Monks Gerlston that I can hardly get over it. And there were in the rush at the end. We went to Canterbury & I listened to a full service while L lectured in the County Hotel. But went with my impression. Almost marked coming back - lights went out - we backed - a great car swung down, like a liner at sea, & swept on us. But missed. To home. Over to Nevan. Quentin there. Duncan spent an hour blocked in his car outside Westminster. The dead trudge on till 6 a.m. & I forgot to say we saw the coffin & the pencils come from Kings X: standing packed in the Square. Democracy, high held hackly Neck, swamed high: leant the chaw, Climbed the trees. Then they came, the coffin with its long-jawed yellow leopard the crown flittering, one pale blue stone Lemmon, a Punch artist, white tubes: agin that I undertaken in black coats with astrachan collars: "barking" as the woman next me called him, who looks blotched & as if chipped by a stone mason: only his rather set wistful dentais marked him from any shop keeper - not an ingratiating face: bloated, roughened, arty by exposure to drink life grief & as red as fishermen. Then it was over. & I shall not see him more. But the whole world will be afoot at dawn tomorrow.

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Monday 28th Jan.

The King is at this moment being buried, & perhaps I shall hear the service. A fine mild morning. The sun is out. The streets almost empty. An occasional hoot. No. regret-bread post this morning. And a tea party this afternoon.

The most extraordinary thing about writing is that when you're stuck the right word, however far you must be on either, thinking wrong. at 5 to one. often words bellow many, the true flower. I think now I see to the end.

Here now the 9th of Feb & I have three weeks in which to finish my book. Hence the stolen moments - stolen while waiting to go round to the meeting at Adrian - in the first I had in which to make even this elementary note. I work 3 hours in the morning: 2 or 1½ after tea. Then my head wobbles & I sleep.

Tuesday 25th Jan. Feb.

And this week - how hard I work. This is the first moment - this 5 minutes before lunch - that I've had to write here. I work all the morning: I work from 3 to 7 most days. Then I've had headaches, vaguely then by grey still & reading books & reading D. Copperfield. From that the script shall be ready, typed - corrected, on the 10th March. I work then read it. And I'm still all to the Richmond & El. Scene to type out: many corrections in that must be effected & said scene to make: all this to have typed: & then by the 1st which is Sunday: & then I must begin at the beginning & read straight through - & I'm finding unable either to work here, or to do Rogers. On the whole, I'm enjoying it - that's odd - though in the ups & downs, work no general oppression.

Saturday
29th Feb.

Leap Year day. a great deal of fun about the
marriages. In fact, three weeks of solitude, seeing
no one, only going round to hens, repairing old pantries —
Shepherd, the Greek Play, Ellen Robert to meet
May, & so on — have a space & quiet that rather
favourable to private fun. I become so absorbed in
the fun that I take the other world as a kind of
amplification. recreation in another key. Nothing
interferes for the moment: & I rush on: shoved
in fact rush on this morning: but have done so
much copying — the Crofts' Great Jane — that
Cant cut ice any more. L. is lunching with
the Robsons. This dizzily. It's a damp dismal
day. All Dunlaw pictures have been refused — to
give a scrap of other air news — by the Gs.
Mary. A great Bloomsbury agitation set on
foot. But they think Sir Percy Bate when
persuaded. gently by the whole connoisseurship
of London. may be bamboozled into relenting.
as the Cabinet has been murdered in Tokyo.
Lydia is a great success at Cambridge. Clive
in Paris. Read Gwennel on Byron: dont like
that young man's clever agile thin blooded mind:
L very little else that counts. L. began
this morning against Mabel again: became
she asked for a rise. so I must face
that — with other accumulations during my
hybernation. And now to lunch.
& then to take tickets for Charlie Chaplin.
And I've never recorded my request from
Lady Oxford — that Rhd. write an obituary
of her when: & my lunch there: & the letter
drawn up, painted about nervous brilliant
woman, & hard as nails, but a good mimic.

Wednesday
4th May

week. I'm almost through correcting the vile scene. I hid. Think for the 13th time. Then struck go to morrow. I shall have I think one days fair holiday - if dare - before re-reading. We I'm in regard the end: that is in regard the beginning of the other book which keeps knocking unmercifully at the door - Oh to be able and now to write freely my own money. Gaining my own words & freely - what a boon - what a physical relief. rest. delight after these last months - since October dear more or less - I perpetual consciousness & re-entry always of that one book. The dolls House last night - Lydia very good: an interesting play, ah. Known light in some of my own effects: but I wish I'd gone to Figaro instead. Not a good audience though, & I doubt if London will be as enthusiastic as Cambridge. which is Maynard pocket borough. Old Jarrett there, like a sheep whose coat has been half torn off. Some else known to me.

Wednesday 11th

week yesterday I sent off 132 pages to Clark. We have decided to take this unusual course - that is to print it in galleys before I see it, & send it to America. I'm then feeling more at ease; but rather flat, as we went to Hedda Gabler last night with Nina Duncan. Mr Grant. I did not get the full impact: my mind too much set, I suppose, on my own corrections. Jean F. Robertson however was luncheon seductive sweater in a curious metallic old green. Blue. A girl, who might have been an Ibsen lady,

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smiled at me. How who is she? We can't place her.
I am only writing this to mark time till lunch.
Yeh, considering my laziness, I must have come pretty
well out of it. Oh the rhythms that go on in my
head. That one of difficulties I must break:
want a vocal tune: must read Jowett. Well.
News is that we are going to stay one week end
with David & Rachel. Morgan again going on
well. Nessa had trays of pure Chinese silk from
Julian. He's taking a room for Angelica. I'm
pleased by the way that A. Bennett writes of his
nephew Jean. I think to accept me & authen-
ticity. We got on fine, the day after I'd flayed
her publicly in the E.S. ... we had a
great pow-wow at Ethel Sands. Virginia's
all right. This must be my epitaph) I think
I can't help feeling in the subcutaneous way one
does feel such things that we are slightly on the
up grade again: do Bloomsbury. It's rather a
nice feeling than being on the downgrade perhaps.
Nevinson. The Fabian dare 50 centimes to the
Fund to buy a Cezanne, in Roger's memory.
Isn't that sort of meanness make me angry.
It's all go here with Jacques. And here's
Hampson coolly appealing to L. who is rushed -
pumped & melted by every young one in the
European situation - for help about his
miserable little contracts. The European
situation developed in Saturday. We were at
Monks House. H. has broken his word again.
Proposes to re-enter the League. But I'm too
tagued: shall even consider having an optimism
off.

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Friday March 13th

Getting along rather better. So I steal 10 minutes before lunch. Never have I worked so hard at any book. My aim is never to alter a thing in proof. And I begin to suspect there's something there — it hasn't flopped yet. But enough of the year. We walked round Kew Gardens yesterday discussing politics. Oldham refuses to sign the Latest manifesto because it approves sanctions. He's a pacifist. So am I. Again I begin to resign. I say that tendency Europe is now in the verge of the greatest smash for 200 years, one must take private differences & support the League. He's at a special L. party meeting this morning. This is the most feverish overworked political week we've yet had Hitler has his army in the Rhine. Meeting taking place in London. So serious are the French that they're — the Intelligence group — is sending a man to confer here tomorrow: a touching belief in English intellectuals. Another meeting tomorrow. Arsenal, I think, on the will blow over. But to add, how near the guns have got to our private life again. Van Gents distinctly see them, hear a roar, even though I do not like a doomed mouse, nibbling at my daily cage. What else is there to do — Except answer the incessant telephones, & listen to what I say. Everything goes by the board. Happily we have put off all dinners & so on, on account of the year. At very concentrated, laborious spurts I do: such perhaps 2 June days: & crawl out: then bitter black & cold. Small money in Kensington: my drudgery: our unsociability: the crises; meetings: dark — & what it all means, no one knows. Privately... no, I doubt that I've seen anyone, save after but walk & work — walk for an hour after lunch — so on. I must get back to H.J. MSS. though.

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Monday
16. March.

I expect not to be doing this: but I cannot go on
bothering with those explanatory pages again.
Shall come in at 3. do work: & again after tea.
For my own guidance: I have never suffered, since
the voyage out, such acute despair as re-reading,
as this time. On Saturday for instance: there I was,
faced with complete failure: & set the book in
being printed. Then I set to: in despair: thought of
throwing it away: but went on typing. After a
hour, the line began to straighten. Yesterday I read
it again: & think it may be my best book.
However... I'm only at the beginning. I think the
Change of scene is what to exhaust: the catching
purple plums in the middle: then jerking off.
Every beginning seems hopeless – & then I have to
retype. I've re-written about 250: &
there has to do. A walk down the river –
Bush Richmond Park did more than anything to
pump blood in. Adrian Hugh has had
another fever seizure: suddenly became
unconscious: later then very sick. This roused me
after Sattie falling down, & I thought he was on
fire. Politics have slightly died down:
we had a meeting on Saturday: I went to
E. Bowen's: sat in her glass shrine 'contemporary'
room. Like a French picture – 2 ladies sitting
looking at the lake. She is much like a
picture. We discussed poor Rose M's
terrible slurring about E. not wanting to be.
R. hoped me in. To leave to carp out the
heart-cry. Does E. no longer want to know
me? I went to fetch something she had
said she was out... There was a party.
Everyone fussing me. In fact they were BBC
fussing men. Rule what a state I found this room!

Wednesday
15th March.

It now seems to me so good – still talking about The Jean-
that I can't go on correcting. In fact I do think the same of
Wellerops is about the best, in that line, I ever wrote.
First proof just come: so there's a cold douche
waiting me there. And I can't concentrate this
morning – must make Letter to an Englishman
I think, once more, that is the final form it will take.
became after all shan't – Allen Treat continually to
another part. The wandering comma from having learn
to dance last night. – Not before that: the same as
ever: rather heavier, yellower: & then Ethelwynn
afterwards: tho' I won't take, I felt like a wet
towel, when there. My hair won't pop. Also its
My first day of spring hot: swooning. And had
dawn there persistent old woman. I must do letters
with Mrs Bowsens. Oh what vampires they are – my
blood must feed that old witch. I dislike Jess – no hate
want to be. Dream of her. Then there's Lady
Jemon tomorrow. And Redmen. Then one week
Pat Karsin will have been awakened at the Seals
Pat Karsin was very nice: so brisk headed: –
somehow sad pathetic. Saw the old Jovial
Adrian underground, how awful it was. Yet
(they separated. A kind of flattering – as if to
some they clung in her. Somehow, like a dog
whose bone's been snatched away, but no longer
Snarls – & we very much.

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March 20th

Back again very good: very bad yesterday. And what a horrid evening. First Lady Inman – Harry: then Raymond: then, longer, her dinner, down I go to the Rest to the of my Macaulay's come: – there a tap at the window. I thought it was a little dressmaker apprentice, come with my dress. But it was the a fat, fawning Can I have a dog's meal? She was hardly able to walk. Sat on the area steps while I fortune. Then I took her a – Jot L.: hotted soup. But was a horrible thing. She had been walking all day to get work had recruits. Could sew. had had a cup of tea for breakfast lived in one room alone in Bethnal Green. At last she did speak – "I'm hungry" she said. gradually became stay dazed. Looked like hotter, talk. took her long now. I'm a Jewess – a Christian then and word a carpenter husband he I said. Then she use a little but myself – no one to help her, the raw. Friends! Oh they are all sick of Enjoy themselves. Must take this home? Poor thing. we gave her tongue, 2 eggs. a 5/– Does you make this journey – of the soup. Can you afford it. a the many. And a niece weep – 22 – fattening never saw unhappiness, poverty so tangible. And tells own fault. And she apologised. And what could we do. I thank thank you hed if I'm truly had, then go to the Labour Exchange. But I can't get any work. Then I are your 'class': a this is what we exact. Nor its racing. I suffer... well, what the use a thinking? As usual what was so vivid I saw at all the misery becomes depressed when we ate. some horror become routine: human form. And the machine go on... What a system.

Rapscan? no parcel
The man called

very much. when
needle hard.
talked educated
English – pallored
But a fact –
She had to go.
knew the most
do. Thanked
off to Bethnal
Green. Used to
make steps –
pounds to L.
main road
March hand. And
Keep with the said

Tuesday
29th March.

a very good week end. Trees coming out. Hyacinths
Crocuses - Hot. The first spring week end. I slept.
L. had a large meeting. Clever people from Lewes.
But I slept. Then we walked up to Rat Jan -
looked for violets. Such spring here. am
twittering - in a drowsy state. The approach of
Easter that breaks up. Duncan going to
Spain. Angelica coming back. We may do
Greece - perhaps go away with Morgan. whose
both in out. Fat. blue. No time to read it yet.
And I'm so absorbed in Two Journeys - that
what I'm going to call it. I must very nearly
verge on insanity I think. I get so deep in this book
I don't know what I'm doing. Find myself walking
along the Strand talking aloud. Old Mrs.
Le. in great spirits yesterday. Anxious to make out
that Lady Oxford is not old: that a secluded
life may be as good as a social one; & that
parties are a natural pursuit for old women.
Too much of both is always dog-fashionable.
But my five minutes is up. I must go
up. Miss Bernice Marks has been very Leonard

Sunday 29th
March.

Now it's Sunday, & I'm still forging ahead. Done
Eleanor in Oxford Street for the 20th time this
morning. I've plotted about now, & shall have done
by Tuesday 7th April, I tell myself. And I can't
help thinking it rather good. But no more of
that. We had heard Ben Wash. lying prostrate.
So I missed Nina Potters party, at which
Angelica made a sensation in a new hat.
And we put off going to the Craigs this
week end: but went instead to Richmond

yesterday; saw the lovely view, with a kiss of deep green
Jean, the barometer, & the clouds: looking towards
Tolmy I. raid. To home; then to the Marble Builder
where I did not like Lydia's version: partly the
ugly clothes; high boots. green skirt. red shawl. And
the haunt the company. Cant bring from the
real to the poetic. Elsbeth Cameron was there
with a cousin, who agreed. In fact they were very
emphatic. Hated it. asked us to meet the
Marble builder. drank beer at the Café Royal:
but we refused; came home; saw the Polish
Pina Comay, & only looked ourselves in just in
time. I. has a sore throat this morning.
Her cheek & jaw, a high time too, to Monks
House next Friday, & digging ourselves in.
I have letters from Elizabeth Robins & Vera, Angelica. Clive & Quentin with all her there.
Vera. Angelica. Clive & Quentin with all her there.
Great curse to me: for she came at a moment of
high pressure; & I had to throw myself into her
No, she must explain. in fact had come from
Brighstone to explain. She cannot go to see the
M. B. but the does. go to Vlys — that when
Cant deny. with a friend. but my reputation —
grow thin in a secret. I don't mean I'm going
blind. But I must spare my eyes. And I have a
book to write. I want to keep all my strength
for that. Could you explain do you think? Ex. Ex.
And then there another thing. Would only tell you
in confidence. I couldnt go, see her Helda.
I'm Helda. I'm the only person I can
walk for.... all very solemn. A small
frozen humming bird — with rayed lips. Intense
blue eyes. very small, old; Irish accent &
interesting. We are to go to dinner or tea

1st April.

I forgot though to make L— an April fool, & he forgot too — the Ms. are lavender & silver. We went to tea with Gerald Jerningham, which was like visiting an alligator in a tank, an obese & obsolete alligator, lying like our tortoises, half in & half out of the water. I wished I had gone to Veronica St. I hear Baldwin & Newnham & I sat there in the very ugly de Vere Gardens room, with the dull ceiling & the tea on wheeled wagons, & the old picture that Gerald bought 40 years ago at St Ives over the fire. I doubt that he much enjoyed seeing us, or has any capacity for enjoying anything. We talked publishers' shops, & the — he name I don't know — man who has written the Granny way I'm reminded of a woman whose life is entirely & who has perpetually to animate her husband. The woman. I suspect, but disconsolate. And G. is 'got up' but elderly: farmerly; rather a nice sensible, prosperous man's very jaded commonsense — for he has failed as a business man — on all projects. There's nothing in it — nothing in it, he kept saying. Also, nothing doing, nothing doing whatever. What left us perhaps more in the dark than homely. I doubt he has any sentiment about the fact either: may like Sophie & Emma Vaughan. Sons — I don't know. And keeps up with Sophie & Emma Vaughan. We went & walked in the park. We can do 25 pages daily I shall be done by Tuesday next. And then the proofs. How it's to come out in May. Just knows. But no longer bother much: am doing the difficult work. Love: but philosophically.

Thursday April
8th 9th

Now will come the season of depression, after confession
suffocation. The last batch was posted to Clark at
Brighton yesterday. L. is in process of reading: I daresay
I'm pessimistic, but I fancy a certain hesitation
in his verdict so far: but then it's provisional.
Good at any rate there are disjecta, racking at the
same time mercurated days, to meet be thrown on the
bonfire. The horror is that tomorrow, after this
one windy day of respite — oh the cold North
wind that has blown ravaging daily since we
came, but I've had no ears, eyes, or nose: only
making my quick transits from home to room,
often in despair — after this one day's respite, I say,
I must begin at the beginning & go through it
Page by cold proof. Why oh why? Never
again, never again. No woman have I written that,
when I make up the first pages of Two Juneaus, I
begin a confessional ramble about Roger. But
seriously I think this shall be my last 'novel'.
But then I want to tackle criticism too. Enough,
though. The first task is to resume charge of life:
to read Hogarth MSS. & to stir the waters.
I've let them for a little stagnant, mildewed.
Dining at Charleston tonight. I'm glad today.
Clive's article on the P. M. to be discussed. Ive
met Nessa. Angelica in Lewes: a A. looked
like the heroine in a Turgenev novel, with
frogged dress & little cap. Judith Bagenal
already a woman of 45 with 6 children:
husband a clergyman. Mark, a lecturer at the
London School of Economics.
I don't think I said we had taken Morgan to
Abinger — a very very bitter cold day: his

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April 9th

Love, the stout policeman to see him ok at Manchester Street. a blest drive. then through suburbs, acts ranked wood: no view: ash meadows: then sharp to the right, left: up a lane. – there in a little hill was his home: & old Mrs F: columnar with the prominent grey eyes. the maid in apron & false teeth. the handy man & gardener in the distance, all there to welcome him. He has some nickname "Tony" for his mother. And we had a look in at the scrupulous Victorian drawing room, with the silver kettle. – the Richmond drawings; one of Hannah More – Squirrel – & then left.

And then there was Collax – Jo, instantly on us. The last day we arrived, for lunch: in a black beret, & grey tweed coat: dried. like one of the hams in Flint's shop: not improved by sorrow I think, only pored. Poor woman, what a hard nature: so that to love so than only liberates a little misty sentiment. And yet she's brave, I think: but Hell the horden. the aspiring. restless, dissatisfied – running, running. like a dog behind a carriage. that always does two feet. and hers the snaps at the other running dogs – Mrs. Wigram, Madame de Margerie. we had hostile conversation about notables over the teas, & then the talk. Rolly Rayne. going on to Cartmel. I think

Thursday
June 11th

I can only, after 2 months, make this brief note, to say
at last-after 2 months dismal (worse, almost
Catastrophic) silence — never been so near the
precipice to my own Judas since 1913 — I'm again
on top. I have to re-write, I mean interpolate.
Take out-most of the scar is proof. But I can't
go into that. Can only do an hour or so.
Oh but the divine joy of being master of
my mind again! Back from Mtt. Yesterday
Now I am straight line like a cat stepping
on eggs till my brow page are done.
I think I can — I think I can — but
must have immense courage, bravery &
Compass &. Yes, as I say, my first
voluntary writing since April 9th.
after th- I pitched into bed: then to
Comrade — no note of that: then back;
Saw Elly: then to Mtt. home yesterday
for a fortnight's leave. And the blood
has mounted to my head. Wrote 1880
this morning

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Sunday
21st Jun.

after a week of intense suffering – instead money
of torture – I'm not exaggerating – pain ugly hideous –
a feeling of complete despair & failure – a head
inside like the waters after hurricane – here is a
cool quiet room again a feeling of relief: restful
hope. Just done the Robert: think of you.
I am living so instinctively: so recklessly: I can't
make notes & plans. Everything planned, battened
down. I do ½ an hour down here; dying, ofc in
despair. Lie down; walk round the square:
come back do another 10 lines. Then to Lord
Jersey. Always such a feeling of hanging to
oneself: comfort. Tree people flying in & out
between bed & desk. Room full of Bowen.
Athena. Sat in the square last night.
Saw the dripping green leaves. Thunder, lightning
Purple sky. Ate a-dozen 4 times.
Cats. Healing sound. Lady Jersey 8 tomorrow.
Bells. Ashy Grove, most remarkable summer.
new emotion: humility: impersonal joy:
literary despair. Am leaving Capri in the
most fierce conditions. Really reading
Flaubert letters. Hearing our voices as out
Oh art! Patience. Find him consoling
admonitory. Must get this book finished
strongly darnly with shape. But I want
he artist next year. Get I think it
has possibilities. If I design them.
I am trying to cut the characters deep in a
phrase: to pare off. compact sense: to
envelope the whole in a medium.

Tuesday 23rd
Sept.

A good day - a bad day - so it goes on. Few people can have been tortured by writing as I am. Only Flaubert I think. Yet I see it now, as a whole. I think I can bring it off. If only I have courage & patience: take each scene steadily: compose: I think it may be a good book. And then — oh when it finished! Yet so changeful. Because I went to Cambridge, the other night. My brain is like a sea: one grain pulls it down. Jealousy. Malaise: body dejected.

Friday
30th October.

October 1936

I do not wish for the moment to write out the story of the months since I made the last mark here. I do not wish, for reasons I cannot now develop, to analyse that extraordinary summer. It will be more helpful & healthy for me to write scenes; to take up my pen & describe actual events: Good practice too for my stumbling & doubting hen. Can I still 'write'? That is the question under. And now I will try to prove if the gift is dead, or dormant.

Sunday 27th

On Sunday I went to tea with Virgil. It was a very windy wet evening; leaves swirling along the pavement, people holding their hats & skirts. An oldish shabby man in tweedy day clothes opened the door. He must have been a butler but was I rather an unsuccessful assistant. "Lady Colefax?" I said. He shook his head. "The Mogers had come to see the furniture. Come this way, he said, & led me, or rather disappeared in front of me, into the servants quarters - that unknown region where so many meals have been prepared, when Felday ruled, so discreet, respectable & cordial. Now there were tables set out with dinner services, with buckets of knives & forks, all tackled & labelled. Felday came out from the hidden premises, pale in her grey dress & apron, but working observed & flustered. "I don't know where to put you" she said, in an

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in an apt-aled way, & murmuring something about finding her ladyship, about people being still here, led me finally with apologies to the dining room. That broom festive & wine-has succulent room was also up for sale. The walnut table had its ticket & the little glass trees on the mantelpiece & the chandelier. It is a nice warm room I thought sitting down on one of the brown chairs, & thinking how very shy I had been there; yet how glad after that) had overcome the terror of hair & clothes & how numbed my tongue became, & how alarming it was to talk to Sir Arthur on my right, & George Moore & Noel Coward on my left. Yes, I had enjoyed myself in a mixed way there - the feeling was compounded of relief to find so little to regret & pleasure to find so much to say - when in peered, in the tentative calculating way a stranger looking at flats he may want to buy, an obviously alien gentleman: the sort of man in a brown overcoat that one sees at sales, but not at parties at Aiyott House. And no sooner had he begun sizing up the furniture than two fashionable, distinguishable women peered in: one of whom, the smaller, the vaguely pretty - familiar, recognised me & the extentacy meeting - half extending her hand: but clearly my name escaped her. And her only tentatively seemed to me to be Eva Wingram. How sad - how very sad - she said (words I had used to the tremulous & flustered feeling that seemed, as she agreed, about to

burst into tears. 'He is dead, my dad . . I sobbed.
And then she asked, had I come to see the things? for I
was sitting in my chair a spectre. No, I've
come to see Abigail I said . . & they prowled round:
Ara I think surprised, at the pathos displayed
at this assumption of superior intimacy. They
were tentatively wandering, touching this & that,
into the next room, when Abigail timidly peered in:
hurried, furtive: summoned me, as if she
lifted me secretly, to some private a signation
and a world now all formal, no longer
friendly. And so we crowed into the
drawing room, where with a rush I came
explanations, the chat the door & rank at the
door.

My bare hand rested for a moment on her
bare hand. This is sympathy, I felt: but it
must not be emphasised a prolonged. She looked
like a dried up bird: many were cut on either
side of her nose. Deep clefts ran under her eyes.
But of course she talked facts. ~~She~~ the
Who was that in the drawing room! Ara
Oh dear — she saw me then? No
We spoke.
I think not.
But Abigail you must rest?
My dear, how can I rest? The Dr. & surgeon said to
me I've must now take 6 months holiday.
But I'm not feels sorts . . where's tea?
Tea, bread & butter & gingerbread, was brought.
No. Ara Eugene was Fuller in a help. I can tell you
the truth. I've lived for 35 years with this
fresh- the taught. Then she cried
But Abigail, I said, trying to formulate some
phrase of affection & regret, you have seen . . .
yes, passed them home. I've also thought these-
very the lights.
Oh in those days I was a millionaire. what

could I do but give? Then compliments to me. which I did send. Give me given to many people.. I've seen Amelia Bennett. Gerge Moore. Nacel Lovat ....
dear ones...
Lady Mary Cholmondely my lady.
Who! I dont know anymore yes.. Excuse me, I must go & be for myself ...
And the want wea spectacles, because of her appearance. I say I dont mind wearing them all day.. (but the event) what were we saying?
Yes, there gone named, they were the people I like to think of.. Glad gone had some tea—
there is watched. No, I dont talk to you.
I go on. I cant let myself talk, as I showed such into such depths.. I showed never
recove. there are my old stock. the
Wedgwoods. They knew us when we were
young— when we were engaged. Yes. I so a,
from they to they. Lovely
to comes Ava & the other woman—
small talk. we shall se you again ...
my dear that woman. I dislike he.
I luv, because she makes me dislike he: I dont like disliking people. about
shots free. Stories of Ava's meanness
the lights & the house in North Street.
A story about the house in North Street.
has the sport & 700 les. and
when I wrote from the aforthcake, Michael
said to me the house is gone.
web. its not our gear. that's ah about it.
If not our gear. After that for the
house for 700 les than I offered became
of the lights. & its been lived in by

mad man, it filthy. No, I've always wanted to be able to say where's anyone you want to meet, I'll arrange it. I wanted to try & make together... how I'm going to do two things. To collect an anthology of love poems, the best ever! When I was a girl of I read a poem a night under the bed-clothes - At 18 - Knowing pretty well... I'm going to collect an anthology for lovers. And in the meanwhile I went high tea - little cakes for tea.

A.B. from W. Raleigh.

To turn from dialogue to narrative. We talked in a scattered nervous way, ~~with an~~ like a hen fluttering over the edge of the eggs. A brave pen. Her eyes were bright. And they say now that she has cancer in her breast. Nonsense! always detergents between the poor — I am going to show myself worthy, unworldly to Virginia — a genuine gallantry. She has been too long secluded to artificial light to do without it. She is like a bat in a bright room when she is in darkness — she is blinded by daylight. I mean when she is alone, without the stimulus of reaction & other people's views she is uncertain. Nonsense. With us it is just the opposite. But whether I imagined it or not, I still felt something genuinely rising from the depths in her: a desire to fight her adversity, a momentary desire to break down: but then she was up again, off again when the door opened. Fielding croaked out "The car, m'lady" she was glad of the call to action, & we swept through the

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wind swept flattering lighted street, sitting together in the Rolls Royce while the cold stones, adequately indeed rather brilliantly, of Jesse Stone's works, or Henry James's Carrie Balcher's. The machine had got going again after its momentary paralysis, & we shunted out at Mount Street, to pay a business visit. Then we were going to a concert & then to have a supper party.

But in this hasty account I have forgotten to describe my farewell to Argyll House, as I walked with her out of the double doors, down the little path, & stood for a moment at the wrought iron gate.

3rd Nov. Miracles will never cease — L. actually likes the Years! He thinks it so far — as far as the wind chapter — as good as any of my books. I will put down the actual fact. On Sunday I wanted to read the proofs. When I had read to the end of the first section I was in despair: strong but convinced despair. I made myself yesterday read on to Present Time. When I reached that landmark I said This is hopeless: so bad that there can be no question about it. I must carry the proofs, like a dead cat, to L. & tell him to burn them unread. This I did. And a weight fell off my shoulders. That is true. I felt relieved & strong at once. It was cold & dry, very grey as I went out, muffled through the square with Cromwell's daughter down High Street & on along Holborn

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& so back. Now I was no longer Virginia, the genius, but only a perfectly insignificant yet content — What I call it spirit: a body? And very tired. Very old. But at same time content to grow there too dear with Clive & we reached a kind of contentment: a grey acceptance: as I said to L. Must write to Richmond — ask for books to review. The prospectus with cost suppose between 2 & 3 00 pounds which I must pay out of my hoard. So I have for this visit been clear & good. I was not unhappy. And L said he thought I might be wrong about the book. Then even so many strange men arrived: Mr. Mumford, mahogany coloured dear, with a very hard head & a cane; whom I met in the Drawing room with a cigarette; Mr — very heavy a large who said Pardon me — knocked on the door. Capt. And Lord & Lady Ceal rang up to ask us to lunch to meet the French Ambassador. (I am making up 3 pennies) Then, why dear, we went to the Sunday Times book show. How deathly it was! How dead I felt — oh how infinitely tired! And then what came up, a hard little woman with a cheery wooden face, & sat talked about her books & reviews. And then Lerooba Strachey came across from Duckworths & said Do I dont know who I am? And I remembered the moonlit river. And then Roger Senhouse tapped me on the shoulder. We went home, & L. read & read & said nothing: I began to feel actively depressed: yet could make up the dear differently — Yes thought of scheme for another book —

it should be told in the first person. — would that do as a form for Ryes? — I felt out me very horrid heat & deep slumber, as if the blood in my head were cut off. Indeed L. had done his part, & read he kept at extraordinary good — as good as any other. And now he is ready or. — bored out with the system of putting their paper I'm going to read the Graham book.

Wednesday 4th

L. who has now read to the end of 1914 still thinks it extraordinarily good: very strange: very interesting: very sad. he dreamed my sadness... But my difficulty is this: I cannot bring myself to believe that he is right. It may be simply that I exaggerate it badness, & therefore he now, finding it not so bad, exaggerates its goodness. Either to be published, I must at once set down — correct: how can I? Every other sentence seemed to me bad. But I am shelving the question till he has done, which should be tonight. Nor I must cobble out my Daily Worker article: then E. Wharton is coming: then Kate lunch. Then one of the most puzzling situations I have ever been in. Of course we might appeal to Morgan.

Thursday 5th Nov.

The miracle is accomplished. L. has done the Cart that about 12 last night: I could not speak. He was in tears. He says it is "a most remarkable book — he likes it better than the Waves." It has not a spark of doubt that it must be published. I, as a witness, not only to his emotion, but to his absorption, for he read on & on, can't doubt his opinion: what about my own? Either the moment of relief was divine. I hardly know yet. I'm on my heels a head — so amazing

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is the universal Indian Tuesday morning. Have never had such an experience before. Snow this pouring & we go down to Lewes for the fireworks. Eh Watson & Ka yesterday, & the Bath Chair & walk along Ve Street & home.

Nov: 9th. I must make some resolutions about this book. I find it extremely difficult. I get into despair. It seems so bad. I can only cling to Li Edet. Then I get distracted: I read an anodyne, to take up an article: a memoir: & even a book to the Listener. They make my mind race. I must fix it upon the plan. I must throw myself - send them off. I must try my mind on it all the morning. I think the only way is to do that, & then let myself do something else between tea & dinner. But immerse in the plan all the morning - nothing else. If the Chapter is difficult concentrate for a short time. Then work here. But don't dash off into other writing till after tea. when it is done, we can always ask Morgan.

Nov. 10th. On the whole I have got better this morning. It's true my brain is so tired after this job it can't ache after an hour or two. So I must handle it, & gently immerse it. Yes I think it good; it's very difficult work. Yesterday Barnes came to tea: a very white & black professional young man. Strained: on a leash: much burdened with his job: & the moral strain of keeping up R.C. up to Cambridge standards. A nice old fashioned Cambridge young man.

Before that I met L. at the Red Lion & down came
hungrily looking & thought pale lead coloured,
ravaged, unwholesome. My hair & brows came to the
mustaches as I was he asked me to review Chesterton
Can't ask. he held in his hand. No doubt
could make a living that way & whom
he last the old fountain only want this
pen, stone & look at them to spring up.
I wonder if anyone has ever suffered so much
from a book as I have from the Year. Once out
I wish never look at it again. It like a long
Child book. Think of that summer, every morning a
headache, & dreary ugly into that room my
night gown, & legs down after a page: & always
with the certainty of failure. Now that
Certainty is mercifully removed to some extent.
But no I feel I don't care what anyone says
so long as I'm not sick. And in some
reason I feel I'm respected & liked,
then is only the haze dance & Mercier
always changing. Never write a long
book again. yet I feel I shall write
more fiction - scenes will form.
But I am tired this morning: too much
than I ran yesterday. The Dark Brother
article. Madrid not fallen. Chaos - Slaughter.
was surrounded on island. Mauron over, &
G. Brenan. Dine with Adrian tonight.

11th Nov.

Armistice day — completely forgotten by us. The going along quietly, rather ashamed of extreme deliberation. Can never see Mrs Weston either. Joe will only allow me 600 words of unsigned; 1500 if signed. An amusing illustration of the virtues of capitalism. It's the advertisement, not the article, they want. And it's the advertisement I don't want. But as how the book is had mostly; & to continue Mrs W. at 600 words would not be worth doing in the cause of eternal truth, or any other. No. The desire to Rather an interesting experiment in its way. Again Elwin dies on me when I have the book. I am consumed in my project of some private sheet. Dined with Adrian last night: a solid man called Richman there. A. & K very busy & friendly & both engaged to be more than they did, as I sent. K very tenderly & frail & distinguished. On the whole well in the thick of things, not so aloof as of old. A good deal of P.A. talked; I liked it. A mercy not always to talk politics: & the way put down Bertie's book just before we went. I said "Now my mendi made up." It has become an idolatrist. mouth: but for different reasons — those I feel I was, for other reasons, there may want to explore. But not here. R.'s family had always lived in Lewes & he remembered the violent gusts of day, when you had to wear Goggles & wet straw. K. is pleased to make Lod: a very cleanshaved woman, unlike the always emphasises this fact. But in no longer to canvassers either. Than den 110 papers. & More the worst. or so I hope.

Another moment of depression, largely caused by dinner with Ally Jamaica last night & that.

Monday 17th Nov.

Last Cecil to tea. He has grown large, but his head has the angular twisting movements of his mind. His face is more shaved; brown & pink — & round to be last. Cadaverous. He is more genial. Indeed, much expanded, — at his ease. A man of the world. A little grey & still brown hair, very fine, at the back of his head. Bright merry eyes. He found speech in spite of his words. But he said, I think there is more vitality both in men & in institutions than one expects. We have failed (the Liberals) no matter we must try again. I'm convinced by Winston. An alliance of Rhondda Lytton & Runciman — insane! Complete insanity! To ask us even to submit to Hitler! Or what Hitler tells us! Whatever you think Lady! Cannot talk with his long pointed fingers. Had been thinking on Mr. when he repeated B's argument. People can't feel that. The Image of Mr. said to him. We want Baldwin a leader. Able's not a colourful man. Said the people politicians don't care a damn. Laid the people politicians seem to another, one worthless man. Vansittart will have to remain in the Govt. Quite true. V. has ruled Simon. Simon the worst F.S. ever been. He are a complete disappointment. They tho. have hurt in Halifax. Not a genius but very open. Eden grown, now ambitious: has only recent politics. Human nature being what it is, therefore . . . No, has no opinion of Eden. We have resigned the country sees through him. Very difficult

to know when to resign, as Noam. That Baker shd. do
half what he does, & should drink wine. Everyone
loves him — the boys at the Treasury wish to do anything
for him. but dictates letters as he drives.
Had been taken to the Museum. & an absurd fellow.
There he sat at the end of a very long room
making eyes at me (he made eyes) that
doesn't unseat me. the F.S. should submit his
feet to the Pt of Head but shd. control them.
They write for ye. as my father used to say.
Gave the impression of extreme well bred: a
Canadian gently immersed in the comfort
Confederation & 70 years. Best type of Eng.
Govern. I can suppose: the power of
Early Acclimation: urbane, broadminded,
Kind, & hopeful. Much more cheerful than the
intellectual. But that he has not so much
mind? Compare him with Bertie or Aldous.
Inclined to mock the Eminent intellectual.
Very nice of them to come & come. Was flattered.
Cold it was raining. He went home in the
Tube. Very poor he said. Had worked 5 & 6 years
a year when he gave up the bar. Can't
afford a car. Rather like? Knows human
nature from one angle. Likes it. Not
much deluded Min. say. Less of
fanatic, a more concealed than Lord.
Would like a ride of France, became he has
friends in that camp. But the people dont
respect Winston. He changes his mind & policy.
Baldwin a complete failure. He shd. have
resigned when Hoare did. Comfort Mansion
House speech. No leader. Young men on
L. side kept back till they are 40.
Invited to ask him to call me Virginia but
refrained. Mats about 48. And Chapman
Come Sunday. Maurois. Dined at Jagels:
another nice man. Jolly humour
Wore 2 Rose: his car. Violette.

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Monday 24th
Nov:

Here I am cleft asunder and my letter struck
so free, so entwined. The future. What I'm to
write. Yes I must begin work on it.
Began 3 qr. yesterday. I liked it. Today
the old symptoms. f. f l. Can't stand the
the mother term. The tingle: the odd
falling feeling & distress. Brain not fully
blooded. Hot & cold. I'm glad, how odd,
that I'm lunching with Clive & not with
de Polignac. That I've a new block felt hat
& yet yesterday after to have liked J. to
lunch. Glad to that Helen Anrep is
dining with me: that I start alone,
alone? talk into those frames, comas,
which are I suppose to l: but so hindering
when I want to be clear & to read. A
curious throbbing this disease produces. But I've
been in the whole vigorous, cheerful time the
wonderful revelation of Lis. That regret. How I
woke from death – or non being – to life! What an
incredible regret – what a weight rolled off!
Yeats' anthology out. Am I jealous? No:
but depressed to feel I'm not a part. Next
time I shall be one. And I'm touched
now he destroyed. I don't think I can
Essential. Rupert . . . re. Only work work is
Very cold, dark. We came up on Sunday. The
through the fog. Figures suddenly emerged.
Kind man with a paper. I walked by the side
Leader the car. It crashed into a wall.
The wing buckled. I left
the wreckage, walked by the
ash hedge, wanderer, wand worn.

the Kent coast. Here I was lost in a trackless mist
& so on & on. A little boy emerged — a street ruffian.
People lined the pavement watching the lost
Cars. ~~The maniac~~ another man led us; otherwise
we a rest. In the car I looked around the
paper was the Blackheath Club again.
Just as we thought we must find a garage &
come home by tube a bus driver loomed up
that we could follow & he cleared. So,
miraculously. It was. Glad clear — to sleep. &
to home.
I have also recalled my memory. Indeed the
Years has taught me something about scenes.
What are they work does? I want a
Well of private writing — with Nena perhaps.
Pretty much drawn. My hackles rise — that the
Rhd. lend herself to pulping. Rhd. print her
photographs. Ola E. says this is a detail —
I daresay this right — her work all her
faults she has scope, proportion. The
touched me by giving me the little notebook
the woman in the train. well worn,
with an escapade. When I'm low, how
this touches me. But I will not be low.
up & again. Like the fish in the poem.
Meredith. I wish I'd invented a way of
dashing down criticism. as I do here.

Nov. 25th

Lizzie's birthday. Lunch with Alec. The Benckendorffs. a very solid handsome lady with kind eyes. Not formidable. Rev. Eddy & Bismarck. Talk always brilliant. The usual scene of hearty done with that when I was a baby one. And the different changes of light. The intricacy. then the superficiality. Very cold. An eyelash fog day. The same subjects return. Sybil. Lord B's voice. The same Rev. muffled & tentative. I rather two strattic. The P. outings. They. And I must lunch with her. Ethel tomorrow.

Nov: 27th

Lunch again with the Benckendorffs at Claridges. Like a where in all my 54 years I have never been. private home — sumptuous yet refined. The French — Urban Polignac nice-a singer: Nadia Boulanger. The Conductor — wear black. Sir R. Storrs. like Gloves: Solid. Leonardesque, a nob, a very vain. also disapproving. The general man fine cold, like red but concealed. And what a lot to eat! Half bottle and one plate. Ethel talking with admirable racy English. The most white faced lady in pearls listening. Her the went to person. The P, not very vital. Boulanger (the one) liked — a vital shabby Sovereign type. French, very. To greet a peasant, not dowdy, only shabby: one cheap brooch in the right place. Letter P. dentaled, pearly. said F. women must have men. B say they rule France thro' influence. Its true they can't get peerages officially: but unofficially get everything even Everything. Storrs machine. only

has wine at night. Read seasonally: Wash. Homer. Shakespear.
Is working his memoirs – a collected man – a
wonderful thank, but want to come here. Why?
P. tactfully puts a shade over Ethel. She
the only one with brains (Eg Act B.)
(I think I mentioned Dante as among?) Do not a
very exciting & formidable affair.
walked home: in my black velvet; over a bad
day. Happy to be so unexamined. L.
has a confidential story about the King.
Mrs Simpson, lord him in secret by K. Martin.
Dined alone. Read de T. Browne's letters. I am
getting back to Ireland again. My visit
fitter early, but not so early. I must
work, or Lord Sally G. who suffers?
thank considerably, who break off her
engagement instead of being psycho-
analyzed. Oh. afternoon — am I to
tell her about Stephen Tennant & Lytton
Cullen?, She will greet hardly a pull out he
Cobra hood & Ido.

K. Martin, approached
by one of the King's
circle, was asked to
write an article,
revealing the facts
from the King's side.
Then he was told
to wait. Finally
he came out
with the great
flash with a
very inaccurate
version. The King
was lord him in
that decency
about the
Legual difficulty.

Sunday 29th

On the contrary, the was attenuated, &
attached. She was putting up fight;
all rhythm & against, & a speed with me about
S T & the letter. Only had forgotten there was
anything untoward. S T. came in by
Chance: had a Cobra rucksack. to the back
hats with me. age is coming on her.
must travelled: very all the down
worn off.

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Monday
Nov. 30th

There is no need whatever in my opinion to be unhappy about the Jean. It seems to me to come off at the end. She has to be a taut beat thing with some beauty, worthy but a full packed book. Just finished it: what a letter he left. It's different from the others, a closer: has I think more 'real' love in it: more blood, bone. But anyhow, even if there are abhorrent watery patches, a standing at the bay window, I don't think I need be speaking at myself. I think I can feel assured. This I say tentatively to myself: to hear to myself. Never the less I don't anticipation. Now I need I care much what people say. In fact I hand my compliment to that terribly depressed woman, myself, whose head aches so often: who was so utterly cowering a failure: for in spite of everything I think she brought it off. Yes to be congratulated. How she did it, with her head like an old cloth I don't know. But now for rest: a Gibbon.

Monday
Dec. 7th.

2nd Dec.

Now, we are - without a king! with a Queen? what! The Simpson affair is an the surface. It was an Wednesday that the Bishop commented on the King's lack of religion. On Thursday all the papers, the Times & D.T. very discreetly, Mrs Simpson. Still London was gay, jamaloo - not gaily gay, but gated. We can't have a woman Simpson for Queen. That was the tune of the theis no more royal than you & me, was what the process young woman said.

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that today. before the PM. makes his announcement to the House, we have developed a strong sense of human sympathy: we are sayers Hang it all — the Age of Victoria is over. Let him marry whom he likes. In the Beefsteak Club however only Lord Carlow & Clive take the democratic view. Harold is glum as an undertaker. — so are the other nobs — they say Royalty is in Peril. The Empire is divided. In fact never has there been such a crisis. That (them) is true. Spain, Germany, Russia — all are elbowed out. The manage Fletcher form are hid of the paper to another. Pictures of the Dargle & the Persian Jet envy Cranny. Mrs Jumper is drafted by Lime Light at midnight — as the set enter her Car. Her hoggess is also photographed. Parties are forming behind the different interests are queuing up taking Baccarat, or Charlock. Monday is taken advantage of the crisis further end. In fact we are all talking 19 to the dozen: I notice a white this one little margin to cast an had moved a pebble wh. dislodges an avalanche. Things — empire, hierarchies monarchies — will never be the same again. Yet today there is a certain jolly that the button has been pressed too hard: Emotion is no longer so liberally forthcoming. And the King may keep us all waiting, while he sits, legs naggily hang in the nursery,

to make up his mind.

Coming past the Palace last night there were crowds waiting in the cold — the very cold — last night — as they used to stand at the windows. Two or 3 lights were burning in upper windows.

Wednesday Dec. 8th

Now what am I to do about these proofs? And then oh? But how to get patience & courage? What shall I write? Whether & when ...

Thursday Dec. 10th

The Chiefs & Chairs will be worth investigating, had I time. It is a foggy cold morning, as damp & dismal as can be. I have just turned on my electric light. Has the King abdicated? Whether or. At 3.30. Baldwin will speak. Cat Leech says her paper & shop lamplessly. Today has been different — judging from the No one has named the King. The Times reticents but ... Sir Arthur Magnay is dead. The Rothermere Press Chronicle, who was shouted down in the House, has subsided. No more talk of covering the King. Mr Simpson & Cannes says their ready to withdraw from an unhappy & untenable position. Can, Mark can, June courageously & pour Fort Belvedere where the King is unmoved, some Cabinet party (perhaps) say drinking: the papers say

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Carlotta a net. about a dog who has hurt her paw.
Bed down for dinner tonight: the King is
rude & drunk. Last night the Queen & Princess
Mary went. A brake laden with
luggage was seen to leave the fort. No
Royal engagements are kept. This is a
time of mourning. The Q. visits old
curiosity shops & is said to have bought a
gold frog. Meanwhile 'the people'
have grown used to a kind of
sneering contempt: "Anyone who
ashamed of being" the tobacconists
Queen woman said. Jimmy the
Lee: told George Bergen that
abdication is settled. Maginard says no:
the difficulties, legal &c., are too great.
Bergen says Jimmy says he is now merely
haggling for a sufficient income.
left him nothing: she has wrenched money
Jewels on Jimpson. K. George
Duke are in & out of the Chancellor's
Solicitors with black boxes
Last night Mary on the telephone
said that to her certain (though Lady
Diana - Lord Brownlow) knowledge
the King some weeks ago, finding
Mrs J. Corbett, became mad
with rage: also was entirely poisoned
against all friends advis, by some

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bourgeois (her word) obsession about marriage:
wanted, after 2 years of intense, that the marriage
scene was unethical — though Mrs S. did
not work it — & went to Baldwin. Baldwin,
Mary says, then learning the situation for the
first time. The rest followed. She says all
his friends think him insane. He could have
gone on with Mrs S. as mistress but they
both cooled: no one objected. Now he has
probably lost her, — thrown away the Kingdom,
& made an ash fool regularly & perceptibly
himself. It was odd, but so I even feel it.
Walking through Whitehall the other day, I
thought what a Kingdom! England! And to
hurl it down the sink . . . It's a very
rational feeling. Still it's what the Nation
feels. The Times is discreetly Lancashire
at his expense: has a curl of disdain in its
tone; feeds, in its leader this morning, letters
which beginning earlier in the week with
hysterical sympathy, now beg, over
& over again, his return & a broken Jane
also than ever for the country. And
Can the King do even this —?
But everything now hardens into the certainty
that the King cannot do this. I will
follow his lessor to Cannes. Rather
an ignominious flight. Real again.
He will live in America, Reigen says.
Timmy says: & Mrs S. wants him to
abdicate. I gather that Lady Diana,

En route for Belvedere, called on Jack in his nursery home, to ask his advice. He advised that the King should peremptorily give her up: abstain from her society for one year: & then revert to her. ~~How is the~~
But apparently the King's letter bewilders demented mind. Nicks last to the marriage service. Mrs J. gives him, unlike all the other mentioned, physical relief: his time synchronizing with his. And this said that he is now a little boring: so what will they do in Kentucky? I am reluctant to end this page, because then I think the last entry I shall make in this book on the subject of Edward the Eighth. I write tomorrow, it will be in the reign. Purpose of Albert the First — & he's not to marry yet, a popular choice. Let it be. This afternoon I shall go down in the Strand the hub of the universe, & hang about
the H. of C.

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Thursday Dec. 10th.

This is the first hour, or since this 5.30. a the abdication was announced at 4, the first hour a lady of the new reign. Yes. I thought, it

Petty buying jackets at Stags, Mantles: I would go to Westminster. A bus took me to the top of Whitehall. There traffic was turned off I dismounted. Whitehall was full of shuffling & trampling people going both way. Not a thick crowd - a moving crowd. Every beautiful yellow brown light: dry pavements: still London lit. Lesser light at Parliament Sqe.

& the house of Parliament in silhouette. The Camp burning in the watch tower. Opposite the Horse Guards there were Ollolini; black, white red ribbed coming towards me. The mites ankles my

[illegible] to escape. We turned & walked on. Then Bob Trevelyan loomed up. We three stood & talked. They said it was dreadful ... Jim very sad. It is petty. Has he abdicated? Parker. No, but they say he will. None knew the headon hadnt. A stir & uneasy feeling ... most people happy

yet also ashamed. Yet also elated. Bob Lytton not before this he'd hummed & hawed & said that Hanbury didnt think so badly as the D of York. Then on we wandered down the Yellow brown avenue we looked up at the beautiful Carved front of — What Where? I dont know. That he wouldnt

last vacillating Cerebrous ' finalizing in his usual way.

Ho, under ult. King Regina? Heahendi?

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outing which Charles the First stepped when he had his
head cut off and Ollolme pointing to the great
bay windows in their frame of white stone - as my
mother always told me - that I was walking in the
17th Century with one of the Courtiers; & the
man was lamenting over the abdication of Edward — still
though people shuddered the way in that — but the
execution of the Charles. It's dreadful, dreadful, the
Kept saying - Cyclone Portland' that he should go.
Poor silly little boy - He always lost his temper
& me could ever tell him a thing he disliked.
Not to throw it away ... Stick he had it yet, so
far as we knew, thrown it away.
Then, looking at the curved street at the rear
silver guards drawn up in the courtyard with
the Park & the white government buildings behind,
very stately, very lovely, very much the Nobs -
Severe aristocratic Stuart Cyclone ... However,
nothing seemed to happen. And she had a temper;
so we hailed a taxi. Have you any news? The
man said. No. I don't know .. what do you think!
I say he should. We don't want a woman that
already had 2 husbands & an American when
there so many poor English girls .. we were
there during a talking when a newspaper car drove by
with the word Abdication very large on a placard.
We stopped near us: & the first papers in the back
were bought by Ollolme & me.
Then in the next moment or the new reign, I said to
Milly, at the open door of number 10: but the war.
Ashtabula became some unrelated
waiter coat - had come -
a man in a

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Sunday Dec. 13th

Then we had the Broadcast "Prince Edward speaking from Windsor Castle" — as the emotional butler announced. Upon which, with a slight stammer at first, in a shaky strained voice, as if he were standing with his back against the wall, the King (but that is already rambling, I am trying to work) began: "At long last .. I can speak to you ... .. the woman I love .. I who have none of those blessings ..." Well, one came in touch with human flesh, I suppose. How with a set keyheaded steel shaky mind ... a very ordinary Englishman: but the thing had never been done in that scale. One man set up in the Augustan Tower at Windsor addressing the world on behalf of family. Mrs Simpson. Out in the Square there was complete emptiness. All the lope had been withdrawn to listen, to judge. All the once busy, were empty. Mrs Strachan would listen. In fear & sympathizing. And then Edward went on in his shaky way to say the perfectly correct things, about the Constitution. The P. Minister, he eagerly my mother. Finally he wound up. God save the King with a shout: after which I heard his right go up. A kind of whistle. Then silence. Complete silence. Then Mr. Hibbert saying. And now we shut down. Good night everybody. Good night: & we were touched up in our beds.

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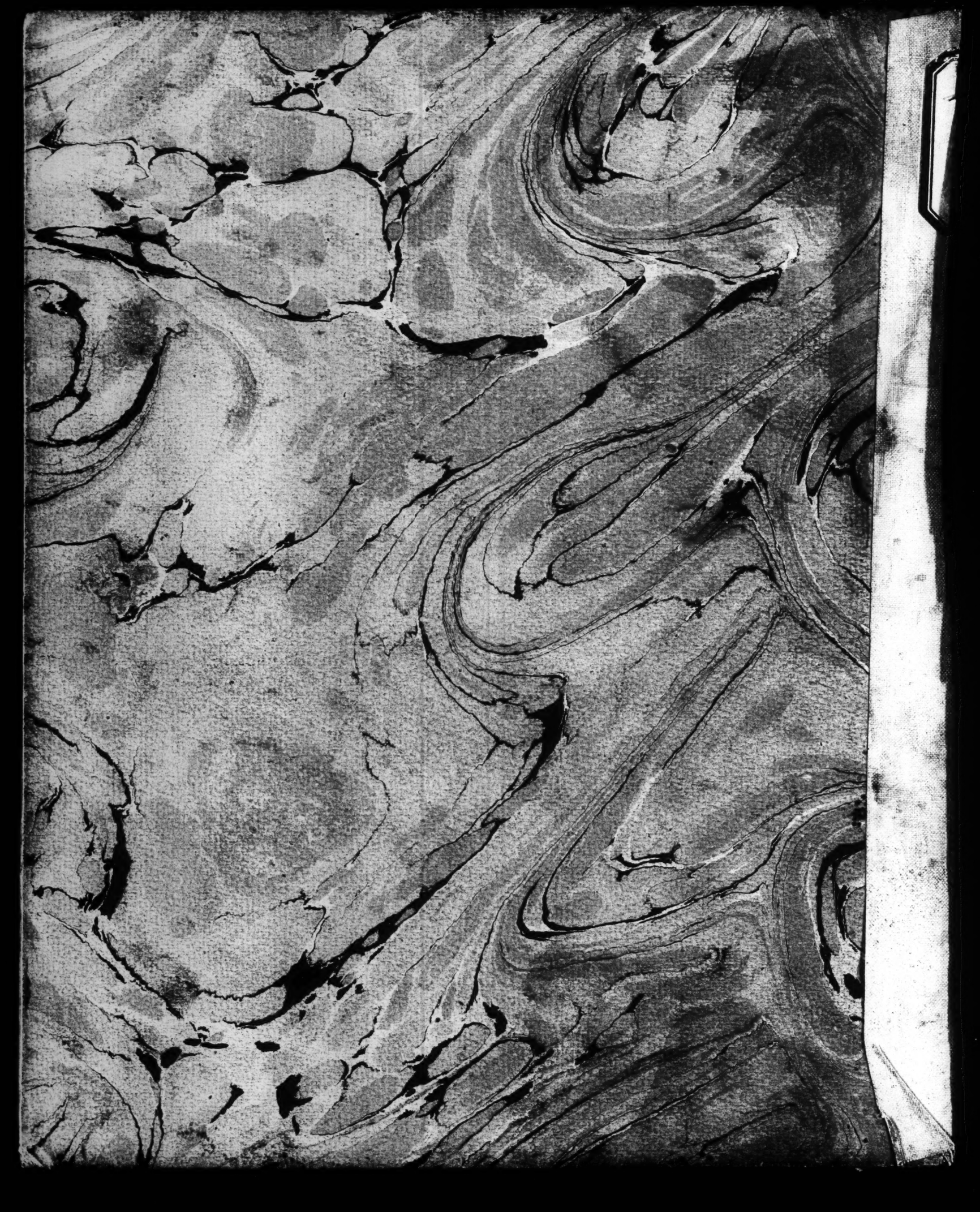
Sunday
Dec. 30th

There are footsteps in the passage — the galley-
to go off today. & waiting stinging nettle that's
Cover over. Stands I wish even to write about
here.
A diverse telephone has separated me from Gosse — at
being footsore — fond a bed. And, for the first time
since February 1880 — my mind has
sprung up like a tree shaking off a load — stood
I've plunged into Gibbon & read & read, for the first
time since Feb. I think. Now for action.
pleasure again & going about. I'll make some
interesting valuable notes, on the
absolute necessity for me of work. Always
to be after something. I'm not sure that
the & entertainment & pleasure of writing a long
book is a possible state: I mean, even in future I
do such a thing — I doubt it — I wish for a
respite very short — letter articles. Anyhow,
now I am not going to think. Can I work? I am
going to work into entirely new manner & work:
at Gibbon first: then a few little articles for
America: then £25 £30 guineas & whether the 2
comes first, how to dovetail, I don't know.
Anyhow however the year is a fortune, I've
thought considerably; & collected a little hoard of
ideas. Perhaps I'm not again as one of those
peaks when I shall work 2 or 3 little books
quickly: & then have another peak. At
least that is my purpose & shall
endeavour to work. No emphasis.
& in proof & then work for a, & my Gibbon notes.
begin a Carnival Sketch & the
article.